

THE
SNUFF BOX;
OR,
A TRIP TO BATH.

A COMEDY OF TWO ACTS,

As it was performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL IN THE MAY-MARKET.

BY WILLIAM HEARD.

Va mon Enfant prend sa Fortune.



Act 1st. Scene 1st

L O N D O N.

Printed for the Author, and sold by J. BELL, in the Strand;
and C. ETHERINGTON, at York.

M DCC LXXV.

SIN UFF BOX;

A TRIP TO BATH

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MDCCLXXV.

To Samuel Foote, Esq.

S I R,

AS the following little Piece was produced at your Theatre, at a Season when it was sure to labour under every Disadvantage in Performance; yet, as its Reception was favourable, permit me to inscribe it to *you*, as the first Effort of an inexperienced Muse: Accept it, Sir, an humble Offering from the Unprotected; and though a Trifle in publick Estimation, let it be a Means of bestowing a Panygeric on the Author, by having the Pleasure of subscribing himself,

Your most obliged,

And very humble Servant,

WILLIAM HEARD.

*Martlet-Court, Bow-Street,
May 13, 1775.*

To Samuel Foote, Esq.

SIR,

As the following little Piece was produced at your Theatre, at a Season when it was sure to labour under every Disadvantage in Performance; yet, as its Reception was favourable, permit me to inscribe it to you, as the first Effort of an inexperienced Muse: Accept it, Sir, as a humble Offering from the unprotected; and though a Title in publick Estimation, let it be a Means of bestowing a Panegyric on the Author, by having the Pleasure of

dedicating himself to your Service.
I am, Sir, your Obedient Servant,
WILLIAM WARD.

P R E F A C E.

IT is a common, though just observation, that inclination is often mistaken for genius, and a vulgar saying, that PLEBEIANS, as well as Gentlemen, must live. These remarks are undeniable; yet so prevalent is inclination, and so craving is hunger, that they generally go hand in hand; *Docti scribimus indoctique*, is hourly felt by the teeming press, and the following scenes venture forth with only this assurance; that a *Candid Public*, will never despise "*The Day of small Things*."

To that Public, I am happy to return my grateful thanks for their very favourable reception of *The Snuff Box*; a Piece which I present the Town as an attempt *only*, divested of what might have rendered it somewhat passable, I mean the embellishments of Music, as it was intended for a Comic Opera, which will be obvious to every reader; and here I cannot help paying my acknowledgements to Mr. Hook, who so readily assisted me, by composing, in a most elegant style, the Air sung by DOLLY in the first Act.

If in the closet, the Box may bear examination, I shall fondly hope its contents may be privately tasted, before they are publicly condemned.

The Character of Sir Timothy, as far as my abilities would permit, is intended to explode by ridicule; the absurdity of unintelligible disputation, and unprofitable enquiry; and to prove from real experience, that "*Infelicitas est Schola quâ docemur informare, et dirigere, Crecentem, Cogitationem*."—

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN by the AUTHOR.

DRAMATIC Trips are now the fav'rite mode,
Couples elope, and trip the Northern Road,
Not long ago, Newmarket was the place,
The NOTE OF HAND—It prov'd a lucky chace.
This Evening, we have chose a different Path,
The Western Road, a little Trip to BATH.
“ But fearing that our Author's Trip might fail,
“ I offer up myself to be his Bail;
“ As Friend and Counsellor his Case relate,
“ Begging your Favour,—dreading all your Hate,
“ In *Forma-pauperis* his Cause I plead,
“ Well, what's the Matter, Sir? Why shake your Head?
“ You write to eat—I act for daily Bread.—

The Author of to-night now trembling sits,
Conscious his petit Piece, a *Pun* admits;
The SNUFF BOX!—'Gad 'tis whimsical and new,
And may remain so—if it pleases you.
I ask'd the Poet, upon what he fed,
He humbly told me, that his Food was Lead—
Hard of Digestion—yet sometimes a Grain,
Evaporates to every Authors Brain.

In Prologue Writing, modern Bards agree,
The only Art, is Wit and Simile;
But for that Art, we ever must complain,
While Roscius uses it at Drury-Lane;
Yet what must every Son of Laughter please,
The Secret's known to *Aristophanes*.


“ Ye

PROLOGUE.

" Ye Fair, to you I offer up my Box,
" 'Tis true, its very plain, nor made by Cox.
" Yet its Contents, *I hope*, are better far,
" Nor like his Tickets, will be under Par.

OUR BARD—Heav'n help him—for he's one in ten,
" Yet dwell such daring Souls in little Men"—
Has boldly hazarded this Night's Rebuff,
To make an Offering of a *Pinch of Snuff*;
If 'tis *Cephalic*—'twill the Vapours Chace,
And add a Lustre to each Female Face,
If *SCOTCH*, it will exist on any Soil,
And only scented, pay the Maker's Toil.
To gratify the Taste of every Nose,
Old Maids, old Batchelors, and simp'ring Beaux.
Snuff: we produce,—for *some* I doubt unfit,
Critic's I mean, who love a Sniff of Wit,
Methinks I see 'em lurking in the Pit. }
If it should lack the Perfume, blame it not,
Perhaps the Author had no *BERGAMOT*.
The Box, an Emblem of his Mimic Pow'r
To all *SNUFF-TAKERS* may amuse an Hour;
'Tis *GOLD*—for he himself express'd it so,
You know the Adage of the partial Crow,
Your different sentiments, this night will tell,
Whether 'tis *Silver*, *Gold*, or *Tortoise-Shell*;
'Tis *English*, I am authoriz'd to say,
But flimsy almost as *Papier Maché*.
Your Frowns may make it useless, batter'd, old,
Your Smiles can stamp it, current, Sterling Gold.

N. B. The Lines marked with inverted Commas, were written by another Hand.



Dramatis Personæ.

Lord Laudable.

Sprightly.

Sir Timothy Trope.

Plotwell.

Count la Poudre.

Harp'em.

Ingrain.

Sophia.

Emelia.

Dolly.

Officer, Servants, &c. &c.

SCENE BATH.

T H E
S N U F F B O X;
O R,
A T R I P T O B A T H.

A C T I. Scene I.

A Room in Sir TIMOTHY TROPE's Apartments.

Sir TIMOTHY and PLOTWELL seated at a Table Drinking.

A I R.

*T*O the grave Politician we leave all debate,
Let's drink to the King, but ne'er think of the State,
The King and his Council shou'd know how to rule,
And who meddles with either, I think is a fool.

*Come, Sir, here's his health, may his offspring unite,
Like their SIRE to yield a nation delight;
While glass after glass, with joy I'll advance,
Till scarce shall become their claret in France.*

*Here's a health to the Queen, her sexes perfection,
Whose Virtues still claim our warmest protection,
Whose affable sweetness those graces impart,
Which embellish her crown, and yet flow from the heart.*

B

Sir

Sir TIMOTHY.

Excellent, master Plotwell, excellent ! I like your song for three distinct reasons ; the first, because the tune is English and familiar ; the second, because 'tis hearty and chearful ; and the third, because it breath's a spirit of loyalty and independence. Pox of your love madrigals, I say ! with their damned imitation of the Italian quav'ring and division !—'Gad there's metal in this ! come drink, Plotwell ! I never knew an honest man who wou'd not drink—Knives dare not trust themselves with liquor, because it draws the scene and discovers them.

Plot. Without controversy, Sir Timothy, loyalty and competency are the chief props that support the throne of any monarch ! and if allegiance has been sworn to the worst of Princes ; how happy are we, who join hand and heart to maintain and promote the public and private felicity of the best of Kings.

Sir Tim. True, Plotwell, your observation is undeniable, but I must hasten to my daughter, for fear some spark in this gay place may be too busy in paying his allegiance there—will you accompany me ?

Plot. Sir Timothy, I attend you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Lord Laudable's Lodgings.

Enter Lord LAUDABLE.

Laud. How forcibly do love and reason contend for an empire in my bosom—as yet the victory is doubtful, nor can I, with all my boasted resolutions, decide the combat ; —Ungenerous Sophia ! yet leave her to another, and bear it unreveng'd ! one of us shall fall a devoted sacrifice—dreadful alternative ! must this fatal passion involve me in a guilt my soul abhors ? forbid it every soft dictate of humanity.—No—I will not sacrifice the principles of true honor to a ridiculous custom, made lawful by mistaken valour !

Enter SPRIGHTLY.

Sprit. My Lord, good-morrow,—what, as melancholy as ever ; looking as pensive as Madam Melpomene, with
her

her bowl and dagger; or a losing gamester counting his rouleaus for the waiter at the card room.

Lord Laud. And you, Sprightly, as brisk as the gay Thalia, wanting nothing but her mask, which your sincerity can easily dispense with. But why should you wonder at my being serious, who are well acquainted with the cause?

Spright. True—but 'tis no dangerous disease—only a love-sick ague; easily cur'd with an exhilarating smile, a soft look, and a restorative tete-à-tete. I'll be your physician—but, as a good patient, you must promise to follow my prescriptions.

Lord Laud. In every title—provided they meet with my approbation.

Spright. Why thus then—Reduce your formal principles to the present standard of taste and politeness—from a *Dove*, become a member of the *Lazaroni* club, where you will be taught to despise the noblest feelings of the heart—In town frequent *Almacks*, *Boodles*, and *Gogstre's*—take your morning lounge at *Betty's*—but beware of the influence of a neighbouring charity, *The Thatch'd House*. If by extravagance you should exceed your income, oppress your tenants with additional rents, and live by the fruits of their industry; inconsistent with your principles, religious or moral. By bribery become a member of a certain August Assembly—keep a seraglio of favourite beauties—and to sum up the whole character of a modern fine gentleman—learn to sin with a bon grace.

Lord Laud: And so to make myself a conspicuous figure in the polite world, I must be rendered an antidote to human nature; and an object of detestation to the sensible few.

Spright. Certainly—if ever you hope to win the affections of Sophia: but, jesting apart—the preference you give Sophia to her sister Emilia, is entirely inconsistent with your usual discernment.

Lord Laud. The commanding aspect of Sophia!

Spright. The modest sweetness of Emilia!

Lord Laud. The bewitching charms of Sophia!

Spright. So much good nature, heightened by a nobleness of spirit!—But, my Lord, if Sophia is all you so partially describe; what can vindicate her strong attachment to the French Count.

Lord Laud. There, I confess, you have stung me. Is he really a man of quality?

Spright. You have only his word for it; which I very much question—Give 'em their due, the gentlemen of France, with all their native gaiety, are generally sensible and well-bred: but this taudry animal has all the foppery and vanity of the nation, without one traité of their genuine politeness.

Lord Laud. And yet—

Spright. And yet his levity has greater influence than your gravity; but a truce to the subject—Here comes Plotwell, now my Lord for a touch of the times.

Enter PLOTWELL.

You are come very luckily, Plotwell, to help us waste some idle moments; my Lord, you know, is newly arrived; therefore some account of the company would not be unpleasant—How stand affairs? come, let's have a little scandal.

Plot. Much as usual, this place may be nam'd the temple of folly, the bank of usury, and the retreat of gamesters. People come to Bath with the same happy disposition for idleness and pleasure. Men of large fortunes come to spend them, those of small ones expect some lucky chance to retrieve them—The wise are content to play the fool, and fools pass for wits—Intrigues of the council board are changed to intrigues of the bed chamber; and a profound statesman shall sit as well diverted at a puppet shew, as if he was projecting a scheme to cheat the nation and buy himself a title.

Spright. But have you any particular characters?

Plot. Many, Sir.—There's little *Tickle Pulse*, the apothecary, and *Doctor Epicure*, the physician. You may compare them in size to Falstaff and his Page. The obsequious Tickle-Pulse always visits his patients in the morning; while the luxurious Doctor attends in the afternoon, preceded by footmen, loaded with either what has been, or is intended for the table; where after eating voraciously himself, and sickening the company, he deigns to enquire the situation of his patient; besides, there's the Scotch professor of elocution, and the Irish attorney are distinguished characters.

Spright.

Spright. But there is a character, Mr. Plotwell, you have not yet mentioned; I mean Sir Timothy Trope.

Plot. True, description would indeed have failed, had we let him escape—If you can forget the beauties of our ancient and modern Caluists, and reflect only on their absurdities, you have the true character of Sir Timothy—to prove my assertion, I will instance only one peculiarity; I mean his strong attachment to snuff; for which he has a curious large box, and in the several departments the various productions of his favourite plant—and whenever he wishes to enforce an argument, his memory and intellects are recruited by a supposition as ridiculous as his reason—he fancies all wisdom consists in turning common conversation into a dispute, and is even content to be thought a fool, if you can prove him one by mood and figure.

Spright. Do you think he could be persuaded, by mood and figure, to give *you* his daughter with a handsome fortune? Come, come, Plotwell, you know the circulation of her wishes, as well as little Tickle-Pulse does of her blood.

Plot. Why I know not what hopes I may have hereafter—but my business at present is this—Sir Timothy is ambitious of rescuing his daughter from ignorance and obscurity, in which she has hitherto liv'd, and employs me to cultivate her fit for an appearance of quality.

Spright. And a prudent choice he has made for a master—but prithee resolve me one question—has—

Plot. A thousand some other time—but at present particular business requires my attention; his subtle curiosity may make make some improper discoveries [*aside*]—Gentlemen your most obedient, at a more convenient opportunity I may tell you something worthy of a laugh.

[*Exit.*]

Spright. There, my Lord, goes one, who having spent his fortune in the dissipations of this city, is now determin'd to be supported by the credulity of others, and—but here comes an express from Sophia—I'll take my leave, in an hour's time I shall expect you on the Parade.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Servant.

Servant. My Lord, Madam Sophia says you may come if you please, but my Lady Fickle has sent for her to see a young puppy, and she's in haste to go out.

Lord Laud. Well, you may go. [*Exit Servant.*] Unheard of contempt! Is it for this ungrateful girl, I sacrifice my life's repose, till I become a burthen to myself and a torment to my friends? [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Dressing-Room. EMILIA and SOPHIA.

Sophia. Ha! ha! ha! an extempore as I live. Come, you shall hear it, for here's the subject. [*Reads*] *pointing to the glass.*

*O flattering glass—thy circle seen,
Sophy appears the Cyprian queen;
Pleasing deluder of our sex,
Where one you charm, a score you vex.*

*You shew the smile and dimpled cheek,
If haughty, frowning, or if meek;
Thy magic power can tell us when
To please, or kill those lordly men.*

But why so serious? I declare sister, the sentiments you are so continually reading in *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison*, have render'd you intirely unfit for the gay society at Bath.

Emilia. Indeed, my dear, if polite society consists in disregarding the unequall'd sentiments of a *Richardson*, I must submit to be unfashionable, to preserve my reputation.

Sophia. Reputation, indeed! ha! ha! ha! reputation, as you call it, may be a proper restraint for an awkward citizen's wife, because the want of it may affect her husband's credit; but what has a woman of quality to do with it? she has no credit to lose.

Emil.

Emilia. When once a woman flights the censure of the world, it is to be fear'd she has little guard left for her actions.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Lord Laudable, Madam.

Sophia. Admit him.—[*Exit* Servant]—Dear sifter leave me to myself. [*Exit* Emilia.

Now will I force a little variety out of him, if raillery will do it.

Enter Lord LAUDABLE.

Lord Laud. This is a favour unexpected, Madam, to find you at home, after the message you sent me.

Sophia. I consulted your ease, and my credit, my Lord,—it is necessary your passion should have a breathing once a day—so I did not care you should expose yourself on the Parade.

Lord Laud. I could have wish'd, Madam, that you had reflected seriously on our last night's Interview, that your own credit, and my ease, might have been equally your care.

Sophia. If your ease could but shift as well as my credit, they would do very well to be left to themselves.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Count la Poudré, Madam.

Sophia. O shew him up by all means.—[*Exit* Servant.] The Count's vivacity will make some amends for this dull interview.

Enter COUNT.

Count. Ah mon belle ange ! Je vous baise tres humblement les mains—La, la, la.—[*Sings.*]—*Epour bella la cechena.*

Sophia. Dear Count where have you been, and what have you been doing ? that I have not seen you to day.

Count. Vere me ave been ?—And vat me ave been do ?—You ave embarras moi—begar me ave been so lost in de vood of your charm, dat me ave run up an down—an do von hundred tings—an yet begar me canno tell vere me ave been, nor vat me ave been do.

Sophia. You are the eau—de fleur of politeness.

Count. You be more dan de son of perfection—de son but ripen de concombre for de pickle; but you ave ripen de amour in my heart, an put me in von ver fine pickle too.—Ha! ha! ha!

Sophia. Bleis me! I had quite forgot his Lordship, Count, my Lord is come for a trial of skill with you, which has the best genius for a gallant.

Count. Madame, you fall se me entré de list, against all de men of qualitié in England, pour l'honneur of my nation, and de bienveillance of de Lady.—My Lor, me beg your pardon, but you hear vat de Lady ave propose, vid vat fall de contest begin? vid d'allaites, de complimént, de posture, de amourettes, de capère, d'allemande, de minuet, me give you your choice.

Lord Laud. Sir, I am not in a humour to be jested with.

Count. See now de surly Anglois—he no understand de difference between de civileté and de raillerié; he be like his own country bull-dog, if you cajole him, he will snap at your finger;—dere be de bon humour now of de French, if me jump over de head of de man of qualitié, begar he vill laugh, and jump over my head again.

Servant Enters.

Servant. Madam, my Lady Fickle is impatient to advise with you about a name for the young puppy.

Sophia. My compliments, and let her know I will not be two minutes from her.—[Exit Servant.]—Come Count, you and I will consult by the way to surprize her with some pretty French name. I see my Lord you are out of humour, and I can't bear fullen company. Come, dear Count, let us fly.

Count. Upon de ving of love, an me vil pick out de feader to fan you—ven you take your afternoon repos.—Serviteur, my Lor, serviteur. [Exit Count and Sophia.]

Lord Laud. Indignation will give me utterance, tho' love oppose it with all his magic; but I am determined virtue shall be prevalent over a passion founded on frailty and impertinence. Though Emilia has not the captivating charms of Sophia; yet her inestimable qualifications will do honour to the most exalted alliance. But what

what pretence can I have to address Emilia, who have so lately preferred her unworthy sister? Alas, how corroding are the effects of a misguided passion. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Sir TIMOTHY TROPE's Lodgings.

Enter Sir TIMOTHY and PLOTWELL.

Sir Tim. Indeed, Mr. Plotwell, I don't understand this abrupt manner of rushing into my daughter's chamber.

Plot. I hope, Sir Timothy, you don't suspect me of any dishonourable designs.

Sir Tim. I don't know that, Sir—and I'll prove that I don't know it—as thus—Your designs are only known to yourself; therefore I cannot know them.—Let Sir Timothy alone for argument.

Plot. I confess it is well laid—but thus I reply—Actions declare designs—and actions are known to every body—therefore they are known to you.

Sir Tim. That's true—and I must agree to it, or prove myself nobody. [Aside.]

Plot. But all this while, Sir Timothy, you talk like a philosopher, not like a man of the world. I must beg leave to inform you, that our modern ladies tolerate every custom which you term indecent; and now-a-days, by the assistance of French gallantry, they can receive their lovers into their dressing rooms, when even stript to the shift, without an offence to modesty.

Sir Tim. How, Sir? I can by no means agree to that. 'Tis an offence to modesty, and a very great one too, which I will undertake to prove—as thus—The shift is, as it were, the skin of modesty, and modesty is always ashamed to shew her skin.

Plot. There your logic fails you—the shift is rather the veil of modesty—and modesty loves to peep through her veil.

Sir Tim. None of the philosophers ever maintained so absurd a proposition.

Plot. Your old friend Zeno strongly maintains it—Besides, the reason and necessity of it is obvious—the sight of
of

of a man, when a lady is rising, calls forth her blushes to give an agreeable vermillé to the complexion.

Sir Tim. I do remember, indeed, my wife, who was a nice bred woman, would often tell me, she had been so long used to the sight of me, that it had no effect on her complexion; therefore whenever she arose desired me to send up the butler; Tom was a good smug fellow, and after he had officiated, [*at her breakfast,*] my Lady would come down as rosy as the day.—Ah poor woman; had she lived, Dolly need not have come abroad for good breeding.—Odd's my life! now I think on't, I had an argument to investigate, but faith it has entirely 'scaped my memory—Let's see what my never failing Memoria Technica will do. [*Pulls out a large Snuff box, divided*

into several departments.]

This Plotwell, is the Alpha and Omega of disquisition—and I am often sorry to think Snuffs were unknown in the days of the Roman Catuists; for tho' I revere them as logicians, yet how wonderfully would it have helped to support their controversy—And I must confess in latter days, Polemic's have suffered for want of its invigorating properties—You know I can't dispute without it.

Enter DOLLY.

Dol. I wonder you was not ashamed, Mr. Plotwell, to come bounce into my chamber, while I was dressing, the very thought makes me blush still.

[*Spreads her fan awkwardly.*]

Plot. Observe, Sir Timothy,—that was very well blushed—there only wants a little assurance, which I shall improve.

Dol. Indeed, papa, I must get rid of my modesty here, or else I shall be laughed at: 'tis whispered already that your old fashioned notions, will spoil your intention of bringing me to Bath.

Sir Tim. Ay, ay, child, never you mind that: the wise Socrates himself might be laughed at for aught I know, therefore I have no reason to complain.

Plot. True, Sir Timothy,—the present age are too apt to despise the wisdom of the ancients, because they have not taste enough to admire the beauties of the moderns.

Sir

OR, A TRIP TO BATH.

11

Sir Tim. Right, right, Mr. Plotwell. But how does your pupil come on?

Dol. Lord papa, I can sing and act, and act and sing as well as the best of them we saw at the London Play-houses.

Sir Tim. Well Dolly, I must have a specimen.

Dol. Shall I sing the air you taught me, Mr. Plotwell?

Plot. By all means.

A I R. *Composed by Mr. Hook.*

With head thrown back—with arms out-spread,

A martial air—majestic tread.

Thus on my breast, I lay my hand,

'Tis you approve——The Gods command.

From the gamut I'll roar,

'Till all cry encoré ;

The boxes exclaim, " O me cara !"

With a look I'll express,

What I think of my dress,

While all the house clap and cry bravo !

Sir Tim. Excellent, Dolly, excellent! [*kisses her*] Ah friend, Plotwell, I believe I have you to thank for this improvement.

Plot. So you have, old gentleman, if you knew but all.

[*Aside.*]

Dol. But this is not all, papa,—Mr. Plotwell is to teach me the female art of reasoning.

Sir Tim. Female reasoning, Dolly! I never yet reasoned with a female, but what I easily discovered a fallacy—Well, I'll leave you to your lesson, and, d'ye hear, Dolly, be sure you are attentive to Mr. Plotwell's instructions.

[*Exit.*]

Dol. Never fear, papa, I have a master whose lessons I may learn, but perhaps never practice.

Plot. Perhaps never practice! thou sweet bewitching scholar! by the power I have as tutor, let me intreat your meaning.

Dolly.

Dolly. My meaning is what my papa is always speaking of—Reflection! and I was thinking since our last night's meeting, whether an elopement might not be attended with what I dread to think of, poverty! and the frowns of an indulgent parent.

Plot. Fear not, my angel, love will supply all our wants—love will——

Dolly. Hold, hold, Mr. Plotwell, you know, when poverty affails us—love is too often apt to become a coward.

Plot. Banish every Doubt, let it come to the worst—I have then a thought, which will immediately tend to a reconciliation—come, you will consent.

Dolly. And was I to give you my heart, what then?

Plot. Why then by this.

[*As Plotwell is kissing Dolly, Sir Timothy enters not observing them.*]

Sir Tim. I am sure, Mr. Plotwell, there must be a fallacy in that argument, I have considered it, and—[*seeing them, starts and drops his Snuff box*—] Heyday! is this the art of good breeding? I thought you had been a man of more honor, than to——

Plot. What's the matter, Sir Timothy? I am only teaching your daughter the art of delivering and receiving a secret.

Dolly. Mr. Plotwell and I, are only exchanging secrets; that's all papa.

Plot. Nothing more, you was only deceived by the closeness of the whisper.

Sir Tim. Sir, I insist upon it that could be no whisper, for a whisper goes in at the ears, therefore the fallacy lies, in the word whisper.

Plot. I am sorry, Sir Timothy, we differ in this respect—but turning the ear, looks like turning away from the secret.—Whereas some run open mouth to deliver them, others should receive them in like manner—'Tis a common saying, you know, "such a one swallows secrets"—how can they be swallowed, unless they went in at the mouth?

Sir Tim. Why that's true, the ears cannot swallow—there, I confess, I was holding a very wrong argument—Come, Dolly, we'll take a turn on the walks—Mr. Plotwell have you any other instructions to give her.

Plot.

Plot. Only a hint or two more, Sir Timothy, and then she shall attend you.

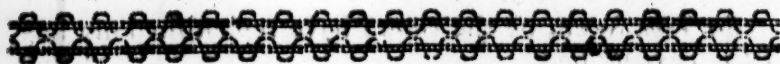
Sir Tim. Well, by the time I have replenished my box, I shall expect her. [*Exit.*

Plot. Now, my dear, let us embrace this favorable opportunity--I see consent expressive in your eyes--you know the place of assignation--by the time your'e returned, Harp'em will be ready in his disguise---and then---

*O let me call the lovely Dolly mine,
Another dress will favor our design,
Cupid, Postilion, shall his art display,
And Hymen's torch will light us on our way.*

End of the first Act.

ACT



A C T II.

SCENE I.

Enter Plotwell, with Harp'em disguised as a Philosopher.

PLOTWELL.

IS the coach ready to carry us off.

Harp. Nothing is wanting but the nymph.

Plot. Your disguise becomes you admirably!--a little more gravity---very well---You know your cue, therefore have no further occasion for my instructions.

Harp. I am to pass for a philosopher, and keep Sir Timothy in discourse, while you watch an opportunity to run off with the young lady.

Plot. Right,—Yonder they come, when I have joined them, do you make your appearance.

[*Exit Harp'em.*

Enter Sir TIMOTHY and DOLLY.

Sir Tim. You should learn to reason Dolly, as well as to be genteel; the one of your father, the other of Mr. Plotwell, though he's very capable of teaching you both—I have try'd him by mood and figure—

Dolly. Mode and figure, Papa, pray is not that dressing and dancing?—

Sir Tim. No, no, Child—though that's a pretty thought! I see thou hast the head of the *Tropes*—No, no, by mood and figure is—per *modo et figura*, that is to say by figure and mood, the meaning of which is—but these are deep things Child, and I don't expect you shou'd learn 'em all at once.

Enter

Enter PLOTWELL.

Plot. Sir Timothy well met, Miss your obedient.

Sir Tim. I was teaching my Daughter the art of reasoning, Mr. Plotwell, let you and I dispute for her improvement.

Plot. Ha! the most lucky adventure that could befall us! here comes the greatest philosopher of the age! he has travelled the world over in search of wisdom, and from pure devotion to the ancient sages, conforms to their habits—I'll introduce him to you.

Most erudite *Aristarchus*, si visus non fallit!

Enter HARP'EM.

Harp. Gaudeo spectare meam amicum!

Plot. I thought, sir, when I saw you last, you had resolved upon a voyage to *Oesthatia*, pray what extraordinary occasion brought you back to *Bath*?

Harp. I had, indeed, such an intention, but the fame of a noble philosopher, called Sir *Timothy Trope*, immediately altered my resolution, have you any knowledge of that renowned gentleman? I am come on purpose to dispute with him.

Sir Timothy to Dolly. D'ye hear that Dolly?

Plot. This, sir, is the very man—pray be known to this luminary of philosophy.—

Harp. Sir Timothy, I kiss your hands, and greet you with *Felix qui potuit causas cognoscere rerum*.

Sir Tim. Amazing erudition! Sir, I kiss your beard in token of affection.

Harp. Sir Timothy, the sight of you, has cleared up a search which has long puzzled me, I have traced the soul of the great *Pythagoras*, through all the eminent men who have flourished in the several ages since his time, the *Molocapio's*, *Addlecranio's*, *Pingue cerbero's*, and innumerable other *Sages*, but had quite lost him, till—

[*During this speech, Plotwell and Dolly run off.*—

Let me see — my calculation reached to about sixty years ago.

Sir Tim. Why, that's about my age, Sir!

Harp. I plainly see it! all hail thou great *Pythagoras*! 'tis worthy of thee to take so noble a residence as in the head of Sir Timothy Trope!—may the Tropes flourish from

from generation, to generation, to eternize and do honour to thy name!

Sir Tim. Do you hear that, Dolly?—Heyday! where's Dolly and Mr. Plotwell?

Harp. Pray, worthy sir, clear up one difficulty to me?—

Sir Tim. Sir, you must excuse me, at present, I'm under a difficulty myself—where can Dolly and Plotwell be? [Walks about.]

Harp'em. Indeed, Sir, I must deny that, when a man is under a difficulty, he is at a stand, now you are not at a stand; therefore can be under no difficulty.

Sir Tim. That's very true, Sir, and thus I reply—if a man—but, Sir, I must find my daughter.— [Going.]

Harp'em. Nay, Sir, 'tis not fair to begin an argument, and not go thro' with it.— [Holds him.]

Sir Tim. Pray, Sir, loose me, or I'll—

[Breaks from him and exit.]

Harp'em. Ha, ha, ha, poor Pythagoras! What a hard struggle hast thou with Sir Timothy—Well, if we don't succeed now, I shall think it time to turn honest and starve, though that's a scurvy prospect, but hang melancholy reflections.— [Exit.]

Re-enter Sir TIMOTHY, in a Rage.

Sir Tim. Why, where can they be?—How! the Philosopher gone! there must be a fallacy in all this:—I begin to suspect some trick—that Plotwell is a cunning knave, and for aught I know may—

Enter Servant.

Well, Sir, what do you want?

Servant. Sir, a gentleman—

Sir Tim. Sirrah, tell me of no gentleman—have you heard any thing of Dolly?

Servant. Yes, sir, I saw her and Mr. Plotwell, drive off in a coach not ten minutes ago—

Sir Tim. How! in a coach! nay, then my suspicions are true!—That rascal! that deceitful villain! and that damned philosopher! O I'm undone! ruined! distracted! I shall go stark staring mad! I, I'll have the dog hanged! I'll teach him to cheat a philosopher!—is all my wisdom come to this? my reputation? my knowledge?

knowledge; I shall be hooted at by all the boys in the parish! the insignificant will laugh at me—the grave and wife will no longer keep me company!—O, I see my ruin; I see it clearly—Oh! oh! oh!

[*stamps and raves.*]

Servant. Dear Sir, have a little reason—perhaps—

Sir Tim. Rascal, I'll hear no reason; nor I'll talk no reason; when I've a mind to be in a passion, *passion* shall be my reason!—Sirrah, why don't you seek after 'em? Begone this moment!—Pox on 'em; I thought what would come of their exchanging secrets—O! the ungrateful hussy!—

[*Exit in a rage.*]

SCENE II.

The PARADE.

Enter Lord LAUDABLE and SPRIGHTLY.

Lord Laud. My dear Sprightly, you have so fully convinced me of my error; that I do not retain one tender sentiment for the ungrateful Sophia—and to prove my sincerity—but here she comes—let me avoid her sight, I shall *take* a turn or two by the side of the *ford* and wait your company. [Exit.]

Spright. I'll attend your Lordship in a few moments—

Enter SOPHIA.

Unattended, madam! and at this time! when all the company are met to contrive the evenings diversions?

Sophia. I have the same prospect in view, I assure you, sir, and shall very soon be pair'd.

Spright. I did not imagine you was going to listen to the murmur of the waters, for you look as gay as a bride.

Sophia. How little he thinks I am within an ace of being one. [Aside.]

Spright. I have just left my Lord by the side of the *ford* in a very contemplative mood.

Sophia. And do you expect to find him again without a plunge to prove your friendship?

C

Spright.

Spright. I never saw a man so altered!—would one believe it possible he could think contemptibly of so much beauty, in so short a time?

Sophia. What do you mean by contemptibly?

Spright. Why, instead of cursing the fatal power of your charms, he's condemning himself for a blind fool, ever to think you handsome.

Sophia. Though I don't care the value of a feather for his love, his indifference provokes me! [*Aside.*]

Spright. For my part I thought he degraded you *too much*, when he would not grant, what general consent allows you.

Sophia. I wish he would but leave me, I'd try if I could not melt this mighty Hero. [*Aside.*]

Spright. I dare say she's resolved as I would have her. [*Aside.*] I'll not detain you any longer, madam, but I could not avoid letting you know his lordship's resolutions—Madam, your most obedient—I'll retire and observe [*aside*]. [*Exit.*]

Sophia. As I could wish—now will I bring him to a recantation of his stubbornness, and rally him to death! What reason have those women to be uneasy, who can paint the heart with colours more pernicious, than what they use for the face. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lord LAUDABLE.

Laud. 'Tis true what Sprightly says—we assume an air of thinking, but reason has no share in the debate, all our resolutions are the result of passion, which shift their extremes, as they are differently transported by smiles and frowns.

Enter SOPHIA.

Sophia. Now will I put on a grave look, and brush by him as if wholly lost in thought—[*aside*—] Bless me, my Lord, is it you, I ask your pardon, I was so unprepared for any recountre, that I fear the oddness of my surprize has made me appear unmannerly.

Lord Laud. I don't know how great your surprize may be, madam, but if it rises in proportion to mine, it must fix you in astonishment.

Sophia. Why so, my Lord?

Lord.

Or, A TRIP TO BATH.

Lord Laud. To apologize for an accident, and be deliberately insulting, is sufficient matter for astonishment.

Sophia. I did not think, my Lord, you had been so ill tempered, to pass over a present submission, and repeat my past faults.

Lord Laud. To sooth with no other view, than to exercise fresh tyranny; deserves a name beyond barbarity! but I beseech you, madam, whether tends this argument?

Sophia. A person less discerning than you, my Lord, might easily see modesty o'er step her bounds to obtain forgiveness.

Sprightly. Plaguy squeamish all of a sudden.—

[*Behind.*

Lord Laud. And one less discerning than you, madam, might perceive I had recovered a freedom of thought, that will not let me be deceived again.

Sophia. Ha! so resolute! now dear hypocrisy assist me! [*aside*] Was the peace of my mind to be obtained at any other rate, I would disdain to sue—No, I'll intreat no more, but bear my torments as a lasting penance for my crimes—Yet when I think whom I have lost—how tender, how sincere,—what tears will suffice to.

[*Affects to cry.*

Lord Laud. Is't possible! my angel! ah whither am I running?—feeble resolution! I know 'tis feigned, dissembled all!—

Spright. That was an unexpected flash of courage.—

[*Aside.*

Sophia. Confusion!—[*Aside.*] My Lord, I don't expect my sighs or tears should move you, I am rejoiced to see your happiness confirmed, though I have lost mine—I have only this poor request; if you ever bestow a thought on the worthless Sophia, mix with it some humanity, and oh!—

[*Pretends to faint.*

Lord Laud. Help! help! she faints! she dies! what has my cruelty occasioned?—help, help!—

Spright. What means this dismal outcry?

Lord Laud. O, Sprightly, I fear thou art come too late; I have murdered one of the best, the dearest of her sex!

Spright. Did you do it with a penknife?

Lord Laud. O no, with the darts of cruel suspicion ; help me to hold her.

SOPHIA revives.

Sophia. My Lord, I only beg your assistance.

(Exit with Laudable laughing ironically.)

Spright. Ha, ha, ha, her life is fled—but has carried the whole cargo of mortality with it.—

Re-enter Lord LAUDABLE.

—I thought my Lord you had been proof against all her enchantments, why hypocrisy was expressed in her eyes, and resentment shone in every feature as I led her off.

Lord Laud. I thought so too !—but this I confess is a master piece ; blind wretch ! thus long to prefer the reverse of her amiable sister.

Spright. The conviction is not too late my Lord, you have it now in your power to shew the correction of your judgement, by the sincerity of your address.

Lord Laud. Despair arises to rebuke my unworthiness.

Spright. Cherish better thoughts, Emelia has delicacy of mind superior to many of her sex, and had rather have the offerings of a rectified judgement, than the first overflowings of a frothy passion.

Lord Laud. How shall I convince her of my sincerity ?

Spright. That difficulty will soon be got over, since she is already convinced of your honor.

Lord Laud. Your words revive me, reflection has at last gained her empire.—Beauty what art thou !

Spright. The parent of a numerous offspring ; pride, I'll manners, licentiousness, and a comprehensive *et cetera* of unpardonable follies ! that emblem of purity, the *Dove* is neglected ; a *Peacock* has now assumed her place, as the inottly representative of what was designed the pattern of native worth and beauty !

*When Heaven first form'd the softer sex,
The World was blessed with innocence ;
No jarring passions to perplex,
But gave that all he cou'd dispense.*

But

*But now, alas, insidious vice,
Deforms the sweetest face;
Has entered beauty's Paradise,
And robb'd each native grace,*

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to the apartments of Sophia.

Enter SOPHIA.

Sophia. Rage, disappointment, self conviction, and every corroding passion have taken possession of my heart! I have trusted too long to my own imaginary power, but am determined to be revenged, by giving my hand immediately to the Count,—he's here,—now for the completion of my wishes.

Enter Count la Poudré.

Count. Madame, de humblest of your slave, do once more presume to declare his passion, and vil never rise till de object dat he adore—— [Kneels.]

Sophia. Rise, Count, this posture becomes not the agreeable vivacity of the French, an *English* lover indeed one might suffer to kneel for half an hour, without taking the least notice of him.

Count. Ha, ha, spite of mon modesté, you provoke me to kiss dose lip dat rallé so fine,—how impatient am I for de happy minute dat make us one.

Sophia. Psha! I wonder at you, Count.

Count. Ah! in vain me ave fly from all de beauty in France, if me fall expiré for mon modesté.

Sophia. That would indeed deprive you of all compassion our sex can bestow, but pray let me understand your meaning?

Count. Dare now be de ting dat bring a de scandal upon de *Gens de Esprit*, dat mon modesté will not let à me speak, me love a you so madame, dat me ave de great desire to coucou myself.

Sophia. This is a sketch of wit beyond my comprehension.

Count. Now den me shew a you de turn of de wit—— me ave been wed to you so long in qualité de gallant—— now if me fall wed à you in qualité de marré, begar me

me fall put a de horn upon de gallant, and so cocou myself.——

Sophia. Ha, ha, how cou'd such a pleasant thought enter your head? but, dear Count, don't pres me.——

Count. Ah! me ave every ting in readines pour la ceremonie—de parson wait in de next room, to perform a de office.

Sophia. This is something sudden, but your entreaties are irresistible. [Exeunt.

Scene changes to another Room.

Enter Lord LAUDABLE and EMELIA.

Emelia. Your honour, my Lord, is a sufficient security for the truth of your professions; how far they are grateful, I leave you to judge, for I disdain as much to belie my inclinations, as to betray 'em by an unguarded fondness, Virtue wou'd resent the one, Modesty the other.

Lord Laud. You have given me scope for encomium, Madam, but I am too well acquainted with your disposition to indulge it. My heart has become a convert to the dictates of——

Enter SPRIGHTLY.

Spright. How, now, my Lord with a countenance erect, and a regular set of features! pray, Madam, what can be the meaning of all this? you don't seem bewild'ed at his rhetoric! amaz'd at his assurance!——Nor you, my Lord, don't appear bewitch'd by the magic of her eyes! why there's no enchantment, all is calm and serene, as if Love and Madness had no relation to each other.—— [Retire to the back of the stage.

Enter Count la Poudré and Sophia.

Sophia. Dear Count, I am so agitated, I can scarce tell what to think, or how to act; what will all my friends say to this? I dread the moralizing of my sentimental Sister, but am pleas'd with my revenge on Lord Laudable.

Count. Me be too happy to tink at all! me be so in de transport of love, dat noting can interrupt de felicité.—

Sprightly comes forward.

Spright. Monsieur la Poudré, you'll pardon our rudeness; but we came to congratulate you, on your wedding-day.

Count. Sir, you do me ver much honeur.

EMELIA

EMELIA to SOPHIA.

I'm sorry, Sister, I want a true motive for wishing you joy.

Sophia. I can't say, Sister, a compliment from you, wou'd be any addition to my happiness.

Spright. But, Count la Poudre, I suppose you intend to give us an entertainment on this occasion?

Count. Ah, Monsieur Sprightly, me vill set my head to vark, to compose de diversion of gallantry—vid de Ball—de Masquerade—de Fiera in Mascherata, de Feté a Champetré—de— [Officers without.

Guard the doors there!—no resistance chairmen!—we have force, as well as authority, to oppose you.

Count. Vat is de disturbance of de rascals, de canaille dere? vere are all my servants?—

Enter Officer.

Officer. I ask your pardon, gentlemen, I am come in search of one Monsieur la Poudre, and had intelligence he was here. [Count sneaks behind.

Spright. I suppose, now Sir, you are satisfied to the contrary?

Officer. I can't tell, Sir, but here's an honest gentleman, one Mr. Ingrain, a taylor, who knows him; pray, Mr. Ingrain, walk in.—

Enter Ingrain.

Ingrain. I beg pardon, gentlemen, I don't see him here.—

Spright. Prythee, Count, come forward—what have we to do with the search after this fellow?—

Ingrain. Ah, Monsieur La Poudre—I have made a fine discovery!

Spright. Have a care, Sir, what you say,—this is a French gentleman of distinction.

Ingrain. Sir, I know him to be as errant a French rogue, as ever dipp'd spoon in a platter of soup-maigré.—Upon his first coming to England, he had forg'd a letter of credit from a brother of mine in Paris; where in he represented himself a Count; I thought I knew my brother's hand, and never scrupled supplying him with money and cloaths, in expectation of large returns;—he had no sooner got five hundred pounds in my debt, than I receiv'd a letter from my brother, requesting me
to

to make diligent search after such a man, who had cheated him and others, to the value of two thousand, and then ran away.

Sophia. Ruin'd! undone!—Oh!— [faints.]

Emelia. O my poor Sister!

Count. Begar me be souz'd in von ver fine pickle.—

[Aside.]
Sophia. O, Sister, I dare not see you.—My Lord, pity and forgive the most wretched of her sex.

Emelia. Dear Sister, I share in all your distresses.

Lord Laud. Be comforted, Madam, there's yet some remedy left.—

Spright. Well, Count, what have you to say in your defence? is this the best entertainment you can give us on your wedding day?

Ingrain. His wedding day! you're pleased to be merry, Sir, by my brother's account, he has left a wife and five children in Paris.—*Omnes.*—How!—Upon my credit it is true, he was originally a gentleman of the *Comb*, but hearing what numbers of his profession had made an ample fortune in this Kingdom, chiefly by *our assistance*, he was induced to follow their example.

Spright. Who can wonder at these frequent deceptions, when the *noble minded*, yet *credulous Englishmen* are too apt to judge of the integrity of others, by a consciousness of their own!

Ingrain. Come, officer, bring along your prisoner.

Spright. Leave him to the care of your attendants. Won't you take leave of the company before you go. [to the Count.]

Count. Morbleu! me vil go to prayer on purpose to curse a you all! [Exit with the Officer.]

Sophia. O, Mr. Sprightly! accept the acknowledgements of a wretched—

Spright. I rejoice, Madam, 'tis in my power to be your friend.

SOPHIA to EMELIA.

O Sister! had I not despised those sentiments *you* have so prudently imbib'd; I shou'd have learned to distinguish genuine worth, from the taud'ry foppery of mere externals!

Enter

Enter Sir TIMOTHY (in haste)

Sir Tim. I'll sputter, and storm, and rant, and roar, dispute, refute, confute, till Philosophy's as empty as my brain!

Spright. Patience, Sir Timothy, all is well yet.

Sir Tim. All is not well, Sir, and I'll prove it—for I am running mad!—I have lost my Daughter, and my senses also, by being a fool and a philosopher.

Spright. Truly I think the first character was enough for you to support, without grafting upon it—but pray, do you know this *Holy Couple*?

Enter Officer, with Dolly and Plotwell disguised as Quakers.

Sir Tim. By the immortal spirit of *Longinus*! that Rogue Plotwell! why then I warrant this carnal piece of impudence is my Dolly!

Dolly. I don't know what you mean by impudence, Papa, I have only learned what every polite lady must; a little *jen se coi*, as Mr. Plotwell calls it, or modish assurance.

Spright. (*pointing to the Officer*) To this man, Sir Timothy, you owe the restoration of your Daughter,—they were treating to escape for twenty guineas, when I having private notice of the affair, promised a double reward for intercepting their progress,—honesty, you know, shou'd not be left naked, lest she fly to knavery for a covering.

Sir Tim. True, Mr. Sprightly; and upon your commendation, I will pay the money—friend call on me to-morrow morning. (*Exit Officer*) If PLOTWELL is to be hang'd, pray send me word, and I'll take a journey on purpose to settle his conscience, and prove him a rogue for the good of his soul.

Spright. Hold, Sir Timothy,—you have now an opportunity of following the glorious example of all the Stoics, and Philosophers; I mean the noble principle of forgiveness!

Sir Tim. How, Mr. Sprightly!—why you are holding an argument against yourself, and I'll prove it—as thus:—

Spright. Sir Timothy, I guess your meaning; but consider *yourself* as partly the occasion, I know him born of noble parents;—let necessity, which prompted him to

THE NUFF BOX,

act contrary to the laws of honour, sufficiently plead his excuse.

Sir Tim. Why these are facts, and facts are stubborn things, and thro' the whole of this argument, I own I have been fairly poiz'd.—Well, I think I'll try for once to reclaim a libertine; take her, Sir, and if you make a good husband, you shall have no reason to repent of your bargain.

Plotwell. I accept her, Sir, with the most unfeign'd gratitude; and hope my future behaviour will ever merit your approbation,—*Ann Lovely* here, shall henceforth be *Lovely Dolly*, and I will bid adieu to the character of *Feignwell*.

Spright. Well, now all seems to be a unison of perfect friendship, let us dedicate this day, and every future one, to mirth and happiness.

*Hence Logic with its musty rules,
And all the Problems of the Schools,
Our little Drama now is o'er,
Your Candour only we implore,
For all our arguments are Vain,
If you our rethoric disdain.*

[Exeunt.]

F I N I S.